

The Legend of Aramelle

written by

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PERSEPHONE: When last we left the Princess, she had just been put in a Giants' prison, while one of her father's guards negotiated with the elders' council. Giants aren't the brightest and she could in fact fit through the bars...

GIANT GUNTHER: Now, no escaping!

ORSON: Oh no! Wouldn't dream of it!

ARAMELLE: Absolutely not!

F/X: GIANT GUNTHER LEAVES.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS DOWN CORRIDOR.

ORSON: He does realise the whole ship can fit through the bars right? Locking the door does nothing.

ARAMELLE: Sssh! Wait until he's completely gone!

F/X: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

ARAMELLE: Right he's gone. (BEAT) Clive!

CLIVE: Yes?

ARAMELLE: The giant's gone. I think I have a plan. Gather the crew, and if anyone has negotiating skills, send them my way.

CLIVE: The crew of a pirate ship doesn't generally do well with negotiation.

ARAMELLE: Well, we need to learn and quickly!

CLIVE: Yes, captain.

2 INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

2

F/X: TICKING CLOCK.

GIANT GUNTHER: So, I've asked everyone into the council chambers today because I have found the missing Princess on our land.

GIANT DAMIEN: But that's breaking the treaty!

GIANT GUNTHER: I know. That's why we need to vote.

GIANT GARY: Attack!

GIANT GUNTHER: Settle down Gary, hear me out.

GIANT GARY: What's there to hear out? They broke the treaty first, we'll just be retaliating.

GIANT GUNTHER: Yes, but we could use her to bargain for more land.

GIANTS: Oh!

GIANT GEORGE: We are therefore voting today on whether we should help Barry here...

BARRY ON TABLE, WAVES.

BARRY: Hello! Just a guard. I promise.

GIANT GUNTHER: Yes. he is. But if we send the princess back with him, he says that counts as a service to a rival royal, so if we take her back to her kingdom. We will be gifted more land for all the help we've given them. But, it's also in our rights to attack neighbouring kingdoms. Since a royal was on our land. So elders? What do you propose?

GIANT GARY: Attack!

GIANT DAMIEN: No! Bargain!

GIANT GUNTHER: Save it for the vote everyone.

3 INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

3

F/X: DRIPPING WATER, GIANT RATS SCURRYING.

ARAMELLE: So, we're in agreement. We strap those rats to the ship, and then push it back to sea.

ORSON: I'm not entirely sure that will work, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Why wouldn't it?

ORSON: Well...They're wild giant rats...Besides anything else we have to catch them first.

ARAMELLE: Will that be hard?

ORSON: Yes! They're wild giant rats!

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS.

F/X: RATS SQUEAKING.

GIANT GUNTHER: Now, now Princess. You weren't escaping, were you?

ORSON: No, we were just training the rats.

GIANT GUNTHER: To help you escape?

ORSON: No, to...walk the ship around the cell/

ARAMELLE: /Stop talking, Orson.

ORSON: Right.

GIANT GUNTHER: We've voted to restart the war. You're a prisoner of war now.

ORSON: You know we can escape right? These bars are huge.

ARAMELLE: Orson! Don't tell him!

GIANT GUNTHER: It wasn't my decision. I voted for returning you.

ARAMELLE: Returning me?

GIANT GUNTHER: Yeah, I wanted to return you with Barry and get more land for the giants. We don't have enough land.

ARAMELLE: No, Well. That's because your ancestors crushed whole villages with their foot. Snd General Gregor flocked away the Island of Shayla with one of his fingers. You obliterated Shayla.

(Beat)

Oh Wait!

ORSON: What?

ARAMELLE: I think you'll want another vote!

GIANT GUNTHER: Why what's changed?

ARAMELLE: The Clause of Shayla.

GIANT GUNTHER: But that's been invoked already Princess, that's what we were voting on.

ORSON: I take it I'm the only one who doesn't know what that is?

ARAMELLE: It's why they were stripped of so much land. And that's as maybe, Gunther, but I am also a royal. If you aid me, I can offer you more land in the future than a certain amount of land immediately.

GIANT GUNTHER: How far in the future?

ARAMELLE: Well, I'm not entirely sure, but if I return to my kingdom, I'll be sacriifced. And I really don't want to be. Help me escape and when I am able to reutn to my kingdom. I'll give you double whatever my father's offering!

GIANT GUNTHER: Alright, unstrap those rats and I'll put you in my pocket.

4 INT. GIANT POCKET - CONTINUOUS

4

F/X: MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS

ORSON: You really think you can out-negotiate you father?

ARAMELLE: It's either that or give up.

ORSON: Right.

ARAMELLE: The clause states that they must remain within the boundaries set out by the treaty, and can only be gifted more land by a royal in return for service. I'm a royal. They can provide me with a service.

ORSON: But you're only a Princess, your father's a king.

ARAMELLE: I'm a princess now, Orson. I won't be forever. If they serve me now, then I can give them land when I'm Queen.

ORSON: You're certain you'll be Queen?

GIANT GUNTHER: We're here!

F/X: TAKES SHIP OUT OF POCKET AND PUTS IT DOWN ON THE TABLE.

ARAMELLE: Right, we're going to need a copy of the treaty to check the wording. Do you have one?

GIANT GUNTHER: I can find it. It'll be in one of these drawers. You stay on the table while I look.

F/X: GUNTHER STARTS OPENING DRAWERS AND SEARCHING.

ORSON: Does he think we might climb off the table? Its like a 50 feet drop!

CLIVE: Princess, should we arm ourselves for when the other giants arrive for the vote?

ARAMELLE: No. At least not obviously. We want to try and get them on our side. Be armed, but hide it.

CLIVE: Right you are. I'll tell the men onboard.

GIANT GUNTHER: I found it!

F/X: CLOSES DRAWER AND UNFURLS TREATY.

ORSON: Wow, that's a big treaty.

ARAMELLE: To us. Look, he can hold it in one hand.

GIANT GUNTHER: I almost didn't find it. It was stored under prophecies and omens and written on the back of this. Look.

F/X: GUNTHER TURNS PAPER ROUND.

F/X: ORSON STARTS READING. ARAMELLE JOINS IN. SHE KNOWS THIS OFF BY HEART.

ORSON: When the cruelest sin has been committed by your own foul hand. The golden sky will last forever. Silver flows throughout your land. Hey! That's your prophecy!

GIANT GUNTHER: This is the prophecy about sacrificing the princess?

ARAMELLE: That's what the soothsayer said.

GIANT GUNTHER: Wait! This is your prophecy!?

ARAMELLE: Yes. What of it?

GIANT GUNTHER: But they can't sacrifice you! What about the other half?

ARAMELLE: The other half? Of my prophecy?

ORSON: There's more?

F/X: GUNTHER RUSTLING PAPER

GIANT GUNTHER: Yeah. This has been ripped so I can't see the
rest, but there is more.

ARAMELLE: Do you know it?

GIANT GUNTHER: No. Sorry.

ARAMELLE: Well, if you're sure there is more, maybe we can
look for it later. Do the other giants know about
the second half?

GIANT GUNTHER: Yeah, we all do.

ARAMELLE: Well, then maybe that's in our favour.

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS.

GIANT GUNTHER: The council elders are arriving for the vote. Get
ready to explain, Princess.

F/X: GIANTS ARE ENTERING FOR THE VOTE. THEY SIT
DOWN AT THE TABLE.

GIANT GUNTHER: Elders. I have gathered you here today - again, because new information has come in, in regards to our land.

GIANT GARY: Isn't that the princess? What's she doing here?

GIANT GEORGE: Yeah, we should just flick her off the table!

F/X: ORSON DRAWS SWORD

ARAMELLE: Put your sword away, Orson. What are you going to do? Give them a paper cut?

ORSON: Sorry, force of habit.

F/X: ORSON SHEATHES SWORD.

ARAMELLE: Look, I've come to talk to you about the clause of Shayla.

GIANT GEORGE: That should never have been put in!

ARAMELLE: Well, let me read it out. Hang on, where is it on here?

F/X: GUNTHER HOLDS OUT TREATY FOR ARAMELLE TO READ.

ARAMELLE: Aha! Found it!

(MORE)

The Clause of Shayla: Blah blah blah...General Gregor... atrocity...the Giants' land stripped back...The Free Republic of Giants can only claim back any of the land taken from them by the provision of service to a rival royal or heir. On providing this service, the rival royal in question can gift their land or parts of their land to the giants at their discretion. There is more, but I think that first bit pretty much covers it.

GIANT GARY: So you want to gift us your land? In return for what?

ARAMELLE: In return for you letting me go. Out of your land, up to the mountains (BEAT) and you don't inform my father.

GIANT GARY: That's it? We just let you go and we get more land? Doesn't seem much of a service. Could be a trick.

ARAMELLE: No. I promise it's not. I am Princess Aramelle of King Gideon's Kingdom.

F/X: GIANTS GASP.

ARAMELLE: I believe you know of the prophecy?

GIANT DAVE: We do.

ARAMELLE: Well. When the cruelest sin has been committed by your own foul hand. The golden sky will last forever. Silver flows throughout your land. I believe you know that there's more?

GIANT GARY: There is. Somewhere.

F/X: LOOKS ROUND HIM SEARCHING. AS IF HE'LL FIND IT.

ARAMELLE: Well, we don't have the second half in my kingdom, and it has always been read as me having to be sacrificed. If you return me to my father's lands. I will be sacrificed and the prophecy, whatever the second half is, won't come true.

GIANT GARY: We need another vote, Gunther.

GIANT GUNTHER: Yes. That's why I brought her here.

ARAMELLE: What is in the other half?

GIANT DAVE: Um? Isn't it something about unions, Gary?

GIANT GARY: Yeah, something like that. Benefits us though, I remember that.

ARAMELLE: It does? Right. you ready to vote?

ORSON: Hang on.

ARAMELLE: What?

ORSON: I think the giants' Free Republic Army should reform and answer to you, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Why?

ORSON: It might be a good idea to have an army on your side. As all the others are against you.

GIANT GUNTHER: We can be called upon to provide you with aid, if you wish, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Won't that count against the treaty though? Isn't it an act of war?

ORSON: Well, I've been looking at the clause in question and it does only say that the service can't be an act of violence against a rival sovereign.

(MORE)

(BEAT) Your father probably doesn't count as a rival because you're related. And if we threaten to use the giants' army against him, then it will make our claim for you to not be sacrificed stronger.

ARAMELLE: Not to mention that it might give us leverage for when we question the captain. You know 'Tell us your entire plan or we'll get a giant to trample you," sort of thing.

ORSON: Precisely.

GIANT GUNTHER: What's this about a captain?

ARAMELLE: The captain of our ship is stuck as a bird. We need some Wool of Bat to turn him back, but we don't want to turn him back until we think of a few questions to ask him, as it seems he has been orchestrating our trip from the beginning and not to my benefit.

GIANT GARY: Orchestrating it from the beginning?

ARAMELLE: Well, since I got on the pirate ship. It was his navigation we were following when we ran aground. We think he wanted to restart the war using me.

GIANT GUNTHER: Well, if it's Wool of Bat you need to turn him back, then you want to go and see the Potion Man.

F/X: GIANTS MURMUR IN AGREEMENT.

ARAMELLE: Yes, we're on our way there. We just had to get through your land to reach the mountains. We're considering just keeping him as a bird, though. As he seems to be trying to get me sacrificed. You won't get your land if I'm sacrificed, remember.

GIANT GUNTHER: But you can't ask him his intentions while he's a bird.

ARAMELLE: That is a fair point.

GIANT GUNTHER: Alright! Time to vote! Those for rebanding the army and providing aid whenever called upon to the missing Princess, say aye!

F/X: GIANTS SAY AYE.

GIANT GUNTHER: And those against say nay. (BEAT) Very good. Unanimous. I'll take you back to the river, Princess. Along with your ship.

5 **EXT. SEA SHORE - DAY.**

5

F/X: WAVES ON SHORE.

F/X: GIANT GUNTHER TAKES SHIP OUT OF POCKET.

GIANT GUNTHER: Here you go. I'll just float the ship back on the
river.

F/X: GUNTHER PUTS SHIP ON OCEAN.

ARAMELLE: Thank you.

GIANT GUNTHER: You'll have to keep going North to see the Potion
Man. He lives in the hills during the summer.

ARAMELLE: The hills?

ORSON: He means the mountains.

ARAMELLE: Ah, right.

GIANT GUNTHER: If you ask around, people will know him. He might
be able to give you other potions that might be
useful too.

ARAMELLE: Thanks, Gunther.

GIANT GUNTHER: Oh! I almost forgot. You'll need this.

18.

F/X: TAKES DRUM OUT OF POCKET.

ARAMELLE: That looks really small.

GIANT GUNTHER: That's 'cause it's in my hand. It's for you.

F/X: GUNTHER HANDS DRUM TO ARAMELLE.

ARAMELLE: Oh yeah. It still is quite small, though.

GIANT GUNTHER: It's very old. The old elders didn't really understand ratios. They thought you was even smaller.

ARAMELLE: Ah, Got it. A drum for mice. Um...Why do we need this drum?

GIANT GUNTHER: It's a call to arms. When you need us. Beat the drum in a rhythm and we can come to your aid. It's very old, it's from before the Free Republic.

ORSON: Will you be able to hear such a small drum?

GIANT GUNTHER: Yes. It's designed for us to hear it even though it's small.

ARAMELLE: Is it made from roots of the Wolf Tree?

GIANT GUNTHER: Yes it is!

ORSON: What's a wolf tree?

ARAMELLE: They're extinct now. But I read a book on them. They were used long before the war to build things that we could use to call the giants over long distances. It has something to do with the echoes in the hollowness of the roots.

ORSON: Was that an interesting book?

ARAMELLE: No. It wasn't, but I was really bored.

GIANT GUNTHER: Well, this is all that's left now. This is the only one. Take care of it. Only bang it when you need aid, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Will do.

GIANT GUNTHER: And keep it safe.

ARAMELLE: Orson, can you put it in the Captain's quarters?

ORSON: Sure.

F/X: ORSON TAKES DRUM AWAY.

GIANT GUNTHER: We won't forget that you owe us land, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Nor will I. I just have to come up with a plan to not get killed when I enter my own kingdom first, and then I'll gift it right to you.

GIANT GUNTHER: Good luck with the Potion Man.

ARAMELLE: Thank you. (BEAT) And Gunther?

GIANT GUNTHER: Yes, princess?

ARAMELLE: If you do find this other half of my prophecy...please let me know what it says.

GIANT GUNTHER: Of course, princess. I'll move you a bit further up the river, get your journey started.

ARAMELLE: Oh, that's really not necessary!

F/X: GUNTHER PUSHES BOAT OUT TO SEA.

F/X: WHOLE CREW FALLS OVER.

F/X: GUNTHER WALKS OFF.

ARAMELLE: Sorry, Clive, I seem to have fallen on you.

CLIVE: No worries, Captain. Let me help you up.

F/X: ARAMELLE AND CLIVE STAND UP.

ARAMELLE: How long will it take us to reach the mountains,
Clive?

CLIVE: Only a day or two. Why?

ARAMELLE: Because I need time to think on what to ask the
captain. Do you know anything about his plan?

CLIVE: No. Sorry. I was taken by surprise by his mutiny.
Liam was always so quiet. He hasn't shared his
plan with anyone. Whatever it is.

END.